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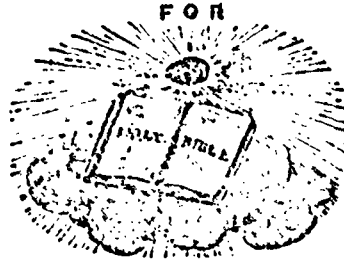
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# SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN

The Province

of Canada.



Train up a Child in the way he should go:

and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

VOL. III.

TORONTO, C. W., APRIL, 1849.

No. 4.



## WHERE IS MAMMA?

Where is mamma? oh, tell me where!  
She used to come and hear my prayer;  
To see me warmly laid in bed,  
And draw the curtains round my head.

Morning is come, but no mamma;  
Breakfast seems very dull, papa;  
Her smile, her words of love, I miss,  
But most of all, her morning kiss.

Where is mamma? Where can she be?  
She does not come to walk with me;  
The garden looks all bright and gay—  
She used to love a sunny day.

This rose I've gather'd off my tree,  
The very one she plant'd me;  
I want to give it to mamma—  
Where is she gone? Tell me, papa.

Mamma is gone from earth away;  
No evening visits will she pay,  
To see you safely laid in bed,  
And draw the curtains round your head.

No more, my love, mamma will share  
Your morning walk, your evening prayer,  
The flowers will bloom for her in vain,  
Mamma will not come back again.

God took her to her home above—  
A happy home, where all is love,  
Where Jesus is, and where no sin,  
Nor pain, nor death, can enter in.

She loved the Saviour; this is why  
Mamma was not afraid to die;  
Then love him, too, and, in your prayer,  
Ask God that you may meet her there.

## A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,  
God grant me grace my prayers to say;  
O God! preserve my mother dear,  
In strength and health for many a year;  
And O! preserve my father too,  
And may I pay him reverence due;  
And may I my best thoughts employ  
To be my parents' hope and joy;  
And O! preserve my brothers both  
From evil doings and from sloth,  
And may we always love each other,  
Our friends, our father, and our mother;  
And still, O Lord, to me impart  
An innocent and grateful heart,  
That after my last sleep, I may  
Awake to thine eternal day! Amen.

COLERIDGE.

## THE MISSIONARY SHIP.

About eighteen hundred years ago, a little ship was seen, with sails outspread, lying at Troas, a small seaport town of Asia. As the sailors were busy preparing to depart, they little thought that the account of the voyage they were about to make would be written in a book, and read by people of far-distant lands, when hundreds of years had passed away.

In this little ship were four passengers; they were missionaries, and were going to cross the sea, that they might preach the Gospel to the heathen who lived in Europe. Their names were Paul, Silas, Timothy, and Luke. God had given a dream or vision to Paul, in which he saw a man of the country of Macedonia, who earnestly prayed that he would come over the sea, and preach the Gospel in that land of idols. He knew that this was a dream sent from God, and at once he obeyed the heavenly vision.

The ship now went on its first missionary voyage. At night they arrived at a little island, where they stopped until the morning, and then again set sail; and as God gave them a prosperous voyage, they had landed in safety at a small seaport town, called Neapolis; it was now a little village. Of its former size or history we know nothing. It is only known as the spot where the first Christian missionaries set foot on the continent of Europe. They made no stay there, but hastened on to a city called Philippi. This city is famous in history for its beautiful palaces, and for a great battle which was fought near its walls; but the Christian looks to it as the place where the Gospel was first preached to the heathen, in this part of the world. At that time the people worshipped false gods, named Jupiter, Mars, Saturn, and a great many other idols.

When the Sabbath arrived, the Apostle went out of the city to the side of a river, to pray in secret; and soon he came to a spot where others had also met for prayer; and sitting down, he began to preach to the women who were present. We are not told what he said; but no doubt he told them of Jesus, who was crucified to take away the sins of the world. Nor do we know in what language he spoke: as a Jew, among his own people, he spoke the language then in use in Palestine; as he travelled

through Asia he spoke Greek; and now in Europe, most likely he spoke in the Latin and other tongues. The first preachers of the Gospel could "speak in other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Act ii, 4. Now missionaries have to study, sometimes for years, to learn a language, so as to be able to address the people to whom they are sent.

Did he preach with success? Yes; for the Lord opened the heart of one of the females, so "that she attended unto the things which were spoken." The name of the first missionary convert in Europe was Lydia. From Philippi the Gospel spread to other lands, and, at last, came to Britain; and there it is still to be found; and there may it continue, and every heart be opened to receive its truths.

It would have been sinful if the first Christians had kept the Gospel to themselves; for their Lord had told them to preach it to all the world. It is also sinful for us to withhold it. The lands from which we received it are now in spiritual darkness, and they seem to return the cry, "Come over and help us. Send us that Gospel which you first received from our shores. Let us share with you in its blessings." Five hundred millions of heathen join in the same cry, "Send us the Gospel!" O! how shall we withhold that which alone can make them happy in this world, and prepare them for the happiness of heaven! Such conduct would be cruel, ungrateful, and highly sinful. Let us send the Bibles, Missionaries and Tracts; for, it we love Jesus, and believe in him as the only Saviour, we shall wish that all the world knew and loved him too.

## PRAY AND GIVE.

True prayer ought to be, and ever will be, coupled with exertion. A converted native in one of the South Sea Islands once said, at a missionary meeting, "The Gospel cannot be conveyed to distant lands without means. This is the way: pray with the mouth, and give with the hand. To pray without working is a lying prayer."—(London) Children's Mis. Mag.

He that is proud of virtue or grace, may reasonably question whether he has any at all, seeing he wanteth humility, which is the mother of all graces.

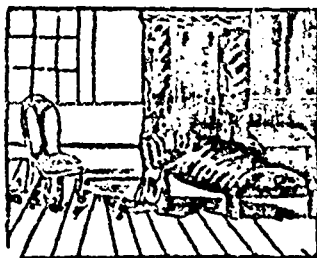
## THE CHILDREN OF TEXAS.

I am aware that the readers of the Sunday-school Journal are, in a special manner, interested in the welfare of the rising generation of the far West; and sometimes I feel as if the case were hopeless, in regard to aid for Texas, when I see how large a space, in all the northern religious periodicals, is devoted to the claims of the West, while not one word is said about the South or the South-west. I have been, however, much gratified recently to see, that in the periodicals of the American Sunday-school Union there is considerable attention given to the South and South-west.

I wish to tell the readers of the Sunday-school Journal, and the friends of the American Sunday-school Union, something about what is doing for Sunday-schools in Texas. During the past year more permanency has been given to the Sunday-school cause in this State, than it had ever before attained. Many Union Sunday-schools have been formed, and well supplied with the publications of the American Sunday-school Union. There now exist flourishing schools in most of the larger towns in middle and western Texas. But yet there are many small villages and settlements in which the children have no Sunday-school to attend or Sunday-school books to read: and, in some cases, there are no persons in those villages sufficiently interested in the welfare of youth to purchase the requisite publications. To supply such places with the blessings you so richly enjoy, your aid is greatly needed.—*Shall it be given?*

I will tell you something of one neighborhood which I visited. It contained a dense population. Their week-day school-house was about five miles distant from three different places at which there was stated preaching, so that while some of the older members of the families were gone to the meeting, these children were left to themselves, to spend the Sabbath as they desired, with no books to read, and nothing to interest them in a proper way. The teacher of the week-day school was a pious young man, and after making an abortive attempt to get the neighbours to aid him in the purchase of a library, he agreed, if I would make a donation of a few books, to teach as many of the children as he could induce to come on the Sabbath. I made them a donation of four dollar's worth of the excellent books of the American Sunday-school Union, the teacher subscribed for one dollar's worth of the Youth's Penny Gazette, and bought sixteen Testaments, at 61 cents each; and thus the school was put into operation, a *light in a dark place!* On the Saturday evening previous to the day appointed for the organization of the school, on arriving at a former's house in the vicinity, to spend the evening, I found that several of the boys had been industriously occupied during the week, in order to earn something to purchase decent apparel in

which to appear at Sunday-school.—Should not such little boys be aided? Now this is only a specimen of many neighbourhoods in Texas. Shall such be aided? We wish to train up the children of Texas, that they will be prepared to extend the blessing of Sunday-school instruction throughout Mexico. A pious lady lately left San Antonio, to take up her residence at Camargo, Mexico. She expressed a determination to endeavour to establish a Sunday-school at Camargo. A Sunday-school formed at Huntsville, (Walker county) Texas, last fall, embracing thirty-five scholars, and which many predicted would soon fail, on account of the divided state of the community, now numbers more than eighty scholars, and had a prospect of further increase. *No school formed during an agency of more than eighteen months for the American Sunday-school Union, is yet known to have failed.*—*Corr. S. S. Journal.*



## A CHILD'S TESTIMONY.

It was of the wife of a working-man that her son said, "My mother was a pious woman. She loved the Bible, and the Sabbath, and the hour of prayer; and she sometimes called upon me to join her when I would rather have read any other book, or employed the sacred hours in seeking my own pleasure, but I dared not refuse to accompany her, because I saw she was sincere. Her religion was not a mere form or show, it was the religion of the heart. She made home comfortable amidst many opposing circumstances; she maintained a meek and quiet spirit in the midst of provocations; she was cheerful and contented under privations; and she bore up under overwhelming difficulties and trials. She said that religion was everything to her, and I could trace her excellencies to no other source. Her lovely and consistent character lodged in my mind a conviction that the only way to be good and happy is to be religious. Alas, I did not choose the good I admired. I wandered far into sin; yet the precepts, the example, the prayers of my mother, never ceased to follow me, and at length, through sovereign mercy, they prevailed to turn me from the error of my ways. I returned, with weeping and supplication, to my mother's God, and I found him ready to forgive, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Never can I cease to bless God for a pious mother; and now I desire to consecrate the remainder of my days to his service and

honour." The young man became a devoted missionary, and was the means of turning many from the power of darkness to the kingdom of God's dear Son; and how much of his subsequent and extensive usefulness, might be traced back to the consistent piety of his mother, a working-man's wife! And, be it remembered, that he referred not only to her pious instructions, but also—perhaps more particularly—to the humble, quiet consistency of her daily deportment. It was this that convinced him of the reality and excellence of religion.

## THE DYING CHILD.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping!  
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;  
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,  
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.  
Here it is cold: the tempest raveth madly;  
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;  
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,  
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen!  
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?  
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!  
Surely those wings were giv'n him by our Lord!  
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me:  
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.  
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?  
Or, mother, are they given me alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?  
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?  
Their cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:  
I will, dear mother, will be always thine.  
Do not sigh thus—it marreth my reposing;  
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!  
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing:  
—Look! mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

## THE PURE IN HEART.

A gentleman in one of his visits among the poor, met with one of his Sabbath-school scholars, a little girl not six years old, who had just begun to read the New Testament. This child being fond of singing, was anxious to possess one of the school hymn books, which the gentleman kindly promised her, on condition that she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel within the space of a fortnight. The little girl immediately undertook this task, and having brought her two chapters to the gentleman, began to read, but when she finished the first twelve verses, he caused her to stop, in order to inquire of her which of the qualities described in the beatitudes she should desire most to possess. She paused a little while, and then replied, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart."

The gentleman asked her wherefore she choose this blessed quality above all the rest. In reply to which she answered to this purpose: "Sir, if I had a pure heart, I should then possess all the other good qualities spoken of in this chapter."  
—*Zion's Advocate.*

## BREAKING THE STICK.

A good man, the superintendent of a Sabbath-school in the East, was one day annoyed by a scholar. It was said, "There is a lad striking us with a stick." He looked around, and could see no stick. Again there was a cry, "There is a lad striking us with a stick." He slowly turned around, and saw that an overgrown lad had a stick, and that after he had done with it he pushed it up his coat sleeve. My friend stopped till the lad pulled it out again, and the instant he did so, the superintendent put his foot upon it, and broke it. This wicked fellow came to my friend, and said, "I shall catch you some night, as you are going home, and I will break your head, for breaking that stick." "What!" said the superintendent, "what do you say?" "I will break your head some night as you are going home. You had no right to break my stick." The teacher went up to the lad, and said, "John, give me your hand; I have prayed for you many a time, but I will pray for you more than ever." The lad wept, and the teacher also.

The lad left the school about a fortnight afterwards; and when, some two or three years subsequently, my friend was at a watering place, at a little distance off, he saw a tall young man making his way toward him. He soon came up and said, "How do you do?" "I do not know you." "Have you forgotten me?" "O no, I recollect the stick;" and he started. "Ah! you need not run away; but what are you doing now?" "I am a member of the Wesleyan Society. After I had left, when I was wandering at a distance, I began to think of what had passed, and that led me to Christ. The first impression I had of a saving character, I received when you broke my stick and afterwards took me by the hand and said you would pray for me."

Go on, then, you who are sowing immortal truth in these young minds; you cannot tell what may be the result.—*London Reporter.*

## THE GREENLANDERS.

Greenland is a cold and desolate region; its waters are nearly all the year covered with ice and its land with snow, yet the Greenlanders are extremely fond of their country, and would not, on any account, exchange their barren rocks and mountains of snow for the spicy groves and flowery fields of warmer climates. Two of its inhabitants were brought to Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, a few years since, and they pined for want till they met with some train oil, which they drank with the same relish that we do chocolate or coffee; and they danced for joy when they found that they were to be sent back to Greenland.

Habit renders every situation in life easy; and it is natural to become attached to our native country. Custom has

taught the Greenlanders to struggle with the severity of the most piercing winter, and suffer the hard-hips of a poor and scanty subsistence. They scarcely know, even in idea, what enjoyment we derive from our woods, and groves, and fields, while gentle zephyrs breathe around, and the little birds seem to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praise: they are more unacquainted with the delight we experience in watching the earliest buds of spring, and in admiring the rich hues of summer flowers, or the ever-varying tints of autumn. They cannot regret the loss of pleasures unknown to them. Their year consists only of one night and one day; the sun never rises during winter, nor sets while their short summer lasts.



## THE CITY CRIER.

While spending a Sabbath in Buffalo, during the Conference session of 1845, the following incident occurred:

While sitting in the family with whom we lodged, we heard, about five o'clock in the afternoon, a loud hallooing in the streets, accompanied, or rather alternated by the ringing of a hand bell. On going to the door, we found it was the city crier. He would walk on a few rods, ringing his bell, and then stop and exclaim, in these words: "Heigh ho! I have lost a little boy, about two years old. He had on a blue cloth cap, with a tassel; a blueish frock, and white pantalets. If any one will put me on track he shall be well rewarded." Thus he would go on from one street to another, and over the common, always repeating the same words whenever he stopped, and in a tone of voice loud, and so mournful as to produce quite a solemn impression on the mind of the listeners. After an hour or so, we saw him returning from a distant part of the city, bearing the lost child in his arms. He appeared happy at his success. And as he approached the home of the child, it was affecting to see the joy of the parents. The father hastened forth and meeting his recovered child, took him from the arms of the finder, and pressed him to his bosom. The mother and other friends had come out of the door as the

little fellow was brought up to them. Their joy was manifested by embraces and kisses, the sight of which was enough to melt your heart.

The circumstance, that in the New Testament the original word for crier (*Keryx*) is also the word for preacher, and the additional circumstance that there were then in the city more than two hundred preachers, suggested to us several interesting thoughts, which have come into our mind repeatedly since that time. This child was *lost*. So are sinners. Lost to themselves, lost to community, lost to God, lost for this world, lost for eternity. The crier made the loss his own; he said "I have lost a little boy," &c., and you would suppose from his word and his manner, that he was really in search of his own lost child. So ought the preacher of the Gospel to do. When speaking to persons in private, or addressing them from the pulpit, on the great dangers to which they are exposed, the momentous interests they have at stake; he should address them, and feel toward them, as he would if they were *his children, his parents, his brothers and sisters.*

This child was *saved*. And so by the grace of God upon our labors, the preacher can save the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Yes, stupendous thought, if we follow promptly and perseveringly the wanderer from God, the alien from Israel, the candidate for hell, him that was to be wrecked and ruined forever, we shall recover him, shall rescue him from the snare of the fowler, from the paw of the lion, shall save a soul worth more than a world, a soul for whom Christ died, a soul that shall shine forever as a star in His crown.

What a pleasant work is preaching the gospel! Why, look at this crier; how much satisfaction he took in that moment when he restored the lost boy to the arms of his half-distracted parents. It was far more to him than his pecuniary reward; yet how small his joy to that of the faithful minister, who restores a wandering transgressor to himself, to his pious parents, to the church, to God. There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repents. Of this high, holy, heavenly joy, that minister feels his full share; he feeds on angels' food. And then, to meet that redeemed spirits in heaven! to embrace scores, hundreds of them there! This is an ambition worthy of an Apostle.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

## SHUN A TATTLER.

If you do not wish to speak ill of any, do not delight to hear ill of them. Give no countenance to busy-bodies, and those that love to talk of other men's faults; or if you cannot decently reprove them on account of their quality, then direct the discourse some other way; or if you cannot do that, by seeming not to mind it, you may sufficiently signify that you do not like it.



### THE SOLDIER RECLAIMED.

A boy belonging to a Sunday School in a country village, was so vicious and unteachable, that it was thought necessary to expel him from the school. As he grew up, evil propensities strengthened, and he became exceedingly dissipated. At length, he enlisted for a soldier, and went with his regiment into a foreign country, leaving behind him a widowed mother, to bewail the profligate habits of her only son. After a considerable time a pious man who resided in the same village, was about to join, as a sergeant, the regiment to which this youth belonged. Knowing both the mother and son, and supposing the parent might wish to transmit some message to her child, he waited upon her before he set out. He found her the subject of heavy affliction, and confined to her bed. On learning the object of his visit, the aged woman said she had only one boon to bestow, which she begged he would deliver to her son, accompanied by her only request. The boon was a Bible; the request, that, for the sake of his poor dying mother, he would read at least one verse a-day. The sergeant departed, and on reaching his destination, learned that the incorrigible boy had become a wicked and abandoned man. Without loss of time he visited him, and said to him, "I am the bearer of the last gift and the last wish of your mother." "What!" cried he, "is she dead?" "She was not," replied the sergeant, "when I left England; but I think she cannot have survived till now. Here," continued he, "is a Bible," (giving it to him,) "which your mother has sent you; and she had only one request to make of you, which was, that, for her sake, you would read one verse a-day." "O," replied the unfeeling man, "if it is only one verse, here goes." He opened the Bible,—he looked,—he paused. "Well," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance,—the first verse that caught my eye was the *only* one that I ever learned while I was in the Sunday-school: it is, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" He began to enquire who "me" was; and the pious sergeant, like Philip of old, "spoke to him of Jesus." From this period, his conduct changed. Not very long after this circumstance, the regiment to which he belonged was engaged in battle. When the conflict was over, the sergeant before-mentioned,

walking over the field of blood, discovered his late pupil lying dead under a tree. His Bible was opened at the passage quoted above, and his head reposed upon its sacred pages, which were soaked through with his blood.

### ANECDOTE OF HUME.

This philosopher was one day passing along a narrow footpath which formerly wended through a beggy piece of ground at the back of the Edinburgh Castle, when he had the misfortune to tumble in, and stuck fast in the mud. Observing a woman approaching, he civilly requested her to lend him a helping hand out of his disagreeable situation, but she, casting one hurried glance at his abortive figure, passed on without regarding his request. He shouted lustily after her; and she was at last prevailed upon by his cries to approach. "Are na ye Hume the Deist?" enquired she in a tone which implied that an answer in the affirmative would decide her against lending him her assistance. "Well, well," said Mr. Hume, "no matter; you know, good woman, Christian charity commands you to do good even to your enemies." "Christian charity here, Christian charity there," replied the woman, "I'll do naething for ye till ye turn a Christian yourself—ye maun first repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, or faith I'll let ye groffe there as I found ye." The sceptic was actually obliged to accede to the woman's terms, ere she would give him her help. He himself used to tell the story with great relish.



### A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
Nicely covered in my bed,  
God alone can safely keep  
Harm and danger from my head.  
O how gracious he must be,  
Thus to mind a child like me!

Though my tender parents tire,  
God still watches through the night,  
Neither sickness, storm, nor fire,  
Break my slumbers with affright.  
O how gracious God must be,  
Thus to mind a child like me!

Soon my weary eyelids close;  
Soon my little limbs undressed,  
Quietly enjoy repose,  
'Till I rise again from rest.  
God is my preserver; he  
Cares for little ones like me!

By and by in sleep of death,  
I must lie down in the grave;  
But the Lord, who gave me breath,  
Then my trembling soul can save.  
Helpless, sinful, though I be,  
Jesus died for such as me.

### WHAT CHILDREN CAN DO.

A Sabbath-school in a little village called Minersville, near Pittsburgh, Pa., some time since, gave me \$27.12 mostly, in pennies, earned by the self-denial and efforts of the pupils, to be expended in the purchase of small books for destitute Sabbath-schools.

At the time of receiving this contribution, there was a great demand for small books in Western Virginia, where many new Sabbath-schools had sprung up, as a result of colporteur labours, and these books were sent to that field. Their circulation led to the procuring of \$80 worth more from the agent of the Sunday-school Union, with which were also circulated over \$300 worth of the books of the American Tract Society.

It thus appears that this little Sunday-school, by self-denying efforts, became an important party in the circulation of books to the value of over \$400. Besides, by this grant, the attention of some of the colporteurs was directed more particularly to the organization of Sabbath-schools. The colporteur to whom most of these books were sent, reported over four hundred children gathered into Sabbath-schools in one county. Some of these books were sold, and the money returned, which I have recently expended in the purchase of two hundred volumes more, and sent them to the same field, to be again distributed. Is not this casting bread upon the waters, to be found after many days?—*Am. Mes.*

### LEGH RICHMOND'S FAMILY.

Mr. Richmond's first object was to make home the happiest place to his children; to render them independent of foreign alliances, in their pursuits and friendships; and so to interest them in domestic enjoyments, as to preclude the feeling, too common in young people, of restlessness and longing to leave their own firesides, and wander abroad in search of pleasure and employment. In this attempt to satisfy his family, and engage their compliance with his wishes, he so completely succeeded, that every member of it left home with regret, even on an occasional visit, and returned to Turvey with fond anticipation, as to the place of their treasures.

### A CHILD'S TEARS.

A Welsh clergyman asked a little girl for the text of the last sermon. The child gave no answer—she only wept. He found out that she had no Bible in which to look for the text; and this led him to enquire whether her parents or neighbors had a Bible; and this led him to begin a Bible Society for Wales. Some good people in London said, "Why should we not have a Bible Society for England, too?" And others said, "And for France, and the nations of Europe?" And then another said, "And why not have a Bible Society for the whole world?" The tears of that little girl led to the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society.



## SUNDAY SCHOOL GUARDIAN.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1848.

Quite a number of schools, the operations of which have been suspended during the winter months, will be recommenced immediately; and thus an opportunity will be presented to the friends of the *Sunday School Guardian* to promote our enterprize by increasing the circulation of the Sabbath School journal.

We make the admission with regret that we have not one third the number of subscribers that we ought to have. The publication is decidedly a pecuniary loss; and unless an improvement takes place, the work must be abandoned. We have not subscribers enough to pay for paper, and printers' wages—to say nothing of editing and publishing, office-rent, wear of type, ink &c.

Our confident opinion is that five times the number of subscribers could be readily secured, were the proper exertion made; and the non-sustaining of a Sabbath School paper in such a connexion as ours is, must be regarded as a deep disgrace—a disgrace which will attach itself to our entire community, ministers and laymen.

We beg our brethren in the ministry, our official brethren in the Church, private members, male and female, Sunday School teachers, and Sunday School scholars to take the matter up, and by their combined exertions procure two thousand additional subscribers without delay; or at least as many as will prevent the publication from being discontinued.

The matter is in the hands of our friends. They must decide the fate and the character of our publication; for if it be properly sustained we shall be enabled to improve the work, especially by introducing superior illustrations to the ones now used. Present support will not justify any increased expense; and as we can not afford such illustrations as we desire to see in the paper, we would exclude all others, but as we believe the absence of the illustrations which now monthly appears, would be regretted by many of our youthful readers we furnish them for their gratification. But with a liberal support we would improve this and every other department of the paper where improvement could be effected.

### SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

We beg to recommend to such schools as are about to go into operation the Libraries which are obtainable at the Wesleyan Book Room. A great variety of library books will be found at this establishment; and every publication necessary for Sabbath schools can be obtained, cheap for cash.

The Obituary commenced on the last page will be concluded in our next. It was found to be too long for one number. Our young readers especially are urged to read the memoir of George Triller, and not only to read but to imitate the good example of that good boy.

### BYTOWN.

To the Editor of the *S. S. Guardian*.

SIR,—I was requested a few days since by the Committee of the Wesleyan-Methodist Sabbath-schools in this town, to furnish you with a report of the annual examination which was held on last Christmas day; but I perceive you have transcribed the editorial notice of it to your columns, from the *Ottawa Advocate* of the 24th February. I think it is, therefore, unnecessary to say anything about it; however, I shall mention a few particulars concerning the schools which may be interesting to your readers.

Since the union of the two Methodist bodies there have been two Sunday-schools in this town, which were organized from the three which were in it previously in connexion with them. These schools now number about 230 scholars, and 30 teachers and officers. There is a library belonging to them containing nearly 600 volumes. There are various means used by the teachers and officers to prompt the scholars to exertion in their studies and punctuality in attendance, such as giving prizes, &c. These means are not lost upon them; the progress made by many of the scholars is surprising, and with few exceptions their attention to their studies and other exercises is very exemplary. By the report which was read at the examination it seems that in proportion to the time it referred to, upwards of fifty thousand verses were committed to memory in the year. Altogether, our schools in this town are in a state of efficiency, very encouraging and hopeful. It is impossible to foresee the amount of good which shall be effected by these, and kindred schools, and the blessings they will confer upon the rising generation, if the hitherto zealous and highly praiseworthy labours of our teachers and officers be persevered in, and if others go and do likewise.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

F. DOWLER, G. S.

Bytown, March 2, 1848.

### THE BRICK CHAPEL SABBATH SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor of the *Sunday School Guardian*.

REV. AND DEAR BROTHER,—It is a settled point with all enlightened Christians that "Religious Education" is alike necessary in order to the public welfare and to individual happiness. And, perhaps, few persons will hesitate to allow that such an education of our youth is at the present time especially the principal object, as well as the direct result of the well-conducted Sabbath-school. It is in the immortal character of the subjects, that we are to look for their true dignity, and here of consequence we find, "the true motive to affectionate and persevering exertion in the inculcation of Divine Truth upon the youthful mind." It was love for the souls of mankind,

.....The Saviour led,  
To bleed and die and suffer in our stead"

And in the toils and sacrifices connected with the maintenance of the successful Sabbath-school, where many thousands of children find "teachers and benefactors too," of the best kind, there is to be found abundant evidence that,

"His true disciples catch the inspiring grace,  
In deeds of love, their Master's footsteps trace;  
No more for forms, or sects, or parties fight,  
But prove by charity, their faith is right."

I am happy to inform your readers that the Sabbath-school in connection with the Wesleyan congregation, at the Brick Chapel, continues to progress with a steady step, year after year, and was never more prosperous, in every sense of the word, than now. Since its re-organization, three year ago, the number of scholars in attendance has more than doubled; while a corresponding number of active and useful teachers have been providentially supplied. The zealous managers of this school, by various efforts of praise-worthy character, during the year, manage to secure sufficient funds to keep the library in good trim; and besides paying for 80 copies of the excellent little monthly *Sabbath School Guardian*, to be distributed "amongst those connected with the school," they have been able during the past year to add 150 volumes to the stock of reading on hand.

Having resided in the immediate vicinity of this school for more than two years, it has been my privilege to attend the most of the more public services and festive occasions connected therewith, and I am quite confident the improvement made during the time is very creditable, and the interest felt in its prosperity in no wise abated. The Anniversary services are just over. On the 10th inst., the writer preached the Anniversary Sermon to a large and deeply interested audience. The Anniversary meeting came off on the evening of the 22nd inst. The respected Superintendent of the Circuit, Rev. L. Warner, presided.—Owing to some oversight, the junior minister, Rev. G. Carr, had no information as to the meeting, and was in con-

sequence absent. The Hon. J. H. Price, M. P. P., Rev. James Harris, and the writer, all took part in the highly interesting occasion. But it was to the speaking and singing of the children, which was above all praise, and to the peculiarly excellent performances of the choir, under the judicious management of Mr. J. C. Moulton, that the crowded assembly are mainly indebted for the delightfully intellectual repast enjoyed during more than three hours, which really seemed to pass in the time of one. I was particularly pleased to see that the excellent Wesleyan Catechism Nos. I and II, especially No. II, was a familiar text book in the school. The readiness and correctness with which numerous proofs from Holy Writ were adduced to the comprehensive and pertinent questions included in the second number, surprised and delighted all present; while the benefit to the children themselves of the knowledge thus acquired cannot be told. From the Report, read during the evening, it appears that in addition to extensive catechetical exertions, and about 4,000 of "Longking's Questions on the Gospel," the children have memorized and recited, during the year, nearly 20,000 verses of scripture. The good effects of the Sabbath-school are obvious, and they will become so more and more. They have never been overrated. Our error is on the side of indifference and apathy. Both patriotism and christianity urge us to hasten our endeavours, to prevent the destructive effects of ignorance by instruction—to strike an effectual blow at the root of both immorality and irreligion, by imparting a religious education to our youth. This is the legitimate business of the Sabbath-school. It is doing its great work. Thousands rejoice to promote this sacred cause, as well in other lands as our own. May it prosper more, and yet more, until all the youth of our world,

"Rescued from vice and ignorance shall prove,  
The strength of piety, and the charms of love."

I am, &c., yours truly,  
H. WILKINSON.

Young-Street, March 23, 1843.

### SELF-MADE MEN.

Columbus was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Massillon, as well as Flechier, arose amidst the humblest vocations. Niebuhr was a peasant. Sextus V. was employed in keeping wine. Rollin was the son of a cutter. Ferguson, the great astronomer, and Hogg, the celebrated poet, well known as the Ettrick Shepherd, were both shepherds. Burns, the unsurpassed poetic genius of Scotland, was a ploughman. Ferguson, whose namesake is mentioned above, and who holds no mean place as one of the poets of Scotland, was an attorney's copying clerk; while Tannahill, also of the same country, a poet, surpassing perhaps Ferguson, was a weaver. Easop was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier. Demosthenes was the son of a cutter. Hogarth an engraver of power pots. Virgil was the son of a baker. Gay was an apprentice to a silk mercer. Ben Jonson

was a bricklayer. Porson was son of a parish clerk. Prideaux, was employed to sweep Eteer College. Akenside was the son of a butcher. Pope was the son of a merchant. Cervantes was a common soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield were shoemakers. Howard was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley was the son of a soap-boiler. Richard Arkwright was a barber for a number of years.

### THE FIRM BANK.

I have a never-failing Bank,  
A more than golden store;  
No earthly Bank is half so rich—  
How can I then be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,  
And I without a groat,  
I'm glad to hasten to my Bank,  
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker, smiling says,  
"Why don't you oftener come?  
And when you draw a little note,  
Why not a larger sum?"

Why live so niggardly and poor?  
Your Bank contains a plenty,  
Why come and take a one pound note?  
When you might have a twenty.

Yea twenty thousand ten times told,  
Is but a trifling sum,  
To what your Father has laid up,  
Secure in God his Son.

Since then my Banker is so rich,  
I have no cause to borrow;  
I'll live upon my cash to-day,  
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,  
And never was rejected;  
Sometimes my Banker gives me more,  
Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I've felt a little proud,  
I've managed things so clever;  
But ah! before the day was gone,  
I've felt as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushes in my face,  
Just at the door I stand;  
I know if Moses kept me back,  
I surely must be damned.

I know my Bank will never break,  
No, it can never fail,  
The firm—Three persons in one God,  
Jehovah—Lord of all.

Should all the Banks of Britain break,  
The Bank of England smash;  
Bring in your notes to Zion's Bank,  
You'll surely have your cash.

And if you have but one small note,  
Fear not to bring it in;  
Come boldly to this throne of grace,  
The Banker is within.

All forged notes will be refused,  
Man's merits are rejected;  
There's not a single note will pass,  
That God has not accepted.

'Tis only those beloved of God,  
Redeemed by precious blood;  
That ever had a note to bring,  
These are the gifts of God.

Tho' thousand ransomed souls may say,  
They have no notes at all;  
Because they feel the plague of sin,  
So ruin'd by the fall.

This Bank is full of precious notes,  
All sign'd and seal'd and free;  
Tho' many doubting souls may say,  
There is not one for me.

Base unbelief will lead the child,  
To say what is not true;  
I tell the soul that feels self lost,  
These notes belong to you.

The leper had a little note,  
"Lord if thou wilt thou can!"  
The Banker cash'd his little note,  
And heal'd the sickly man.

We read of one young man indeed,  
Whose riches did abound,  
But in the Banker's book of grace,  
His name was never found.

But see the wretched dying thief,  
Hang by the Banker's side,  
He cried, "Dear Lord remember me"—  
He got his cash and died.

### THE CHEAP-DEAR SCHOOL.

"Why, neighbour Simple," said Mr. Far-sight, one bright July morning, when Mr. Simple was mowing in a lot, where the grass stood so thinly, that the spires looked lonesome;—"why, you had a fine lot here, with a strong soil, but your blades of grass are so far apart that they might grow into hoop-holes and not crowd each other." "Yes," said Mr. Simple, "I've been thinking I was almost a fool, for I ought to have sowed a bushel of good hay-seed upon this piece, but the truth is, I bought only a peck, and so I scattered it about so much the thinner, and now I see I've lost a ton or two of hay by it." "Well, don't you think you was about as near being a fool when you voted against granting more money for sowing the seeds of knowledge in the minds of the children? Next year, when there is not grass here there will be weeds."—*Cox's Sch. Jour.*

### FEED MY LAMBS.

Bro. Lane says, in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, "The Lord is gathering thousands of these into his fold. And in what better way can we comply with his injunction to Peter, 'Feed my lambs,' than by supplying them with such books as are calculated to lead them to a thorough knowledge of experimental and practical godliness? Their perseverance in religion—their usefulness in the world, and final salvation—may depend, in a great measure, on the books they read. Next to the Bible, then, should we not see that they are furnished with a good selection from our catalogues? Now is the time, while their hearts are tender, to give them a proper bias with regard to their reading. Brethren, let us see to this immediately, lest the enemy should take advantage of our delay."

### THE UNRULY MEMBER.

There are but ten precepts of the law of God, says Leighton, and two of them, so far as concerns the outward organ and vent of the sins there forbidden, are bestowed on the tongue, (one in the first table, and the other in the second table,) as though it were ready to fly out both against God and man, if not thus bridled.

## THE CHILD AND ITS ECHO.

Little Charles knew nothing of an echo. Once as he was playing by himself in a field, he cried out, 'Ho! Hop!' And immediately a voice from a little wood close by repeated, 'Ho! Hop!'

Being surprised at this, he called out, 'Who are you?' The same voice replied, 'Who are you?'—On this he cried out, 'You're a stupid fellow!' and 'Stupid fellow!' was of course the answer.

At this Charles began much displeas'd, began to call all the abusive names he could think of, and these same expressions all seem'd to come back to him. 'I never met with such insolence,' he muttered, 'I'll revenge myself;' and he ran up and down among the trees, trying to find out the supposed offender, but he could see nobody. Vexed and disappointed, he hastened home and told his mother that a bad boy had hidden himself in the wood, and called him all sorts of names. His mother smiled and shook her head.

'Now you have betrayed and complain'd of yourself, Charles; for you must know you heard nothing but your own words repeated. As you have often seen your face reflected in the water, so have you now heard your own voice echoed. Had you called kind words, kind words would have been returned to you; and I may also observe it is generally the case, that the behaviour we meet with from others, is but an echo of our own. If we are friendly in our manner, people are dispos'd to be kind to us; but if we are rude and uncivil, we cannot expect better treatment ourselves.'

## HE USED TO TAKE THE LADDER UP AFTER HIM.

In the year 1831 there lived a little boy who spent all his Sabbaths in studying the Bible, in which he felt the greatest interest. To be free from interruption, he would repair to the garret; and that no one might find him, he used to "take the ladder up after him." This little boy loved Jesus Christ, and delighted to do his will. He had read those words of the Saviour, "And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret." He had no closet; but he could climb into a garret by means of a ladder; and, that he might study the Bible and pray to God in secret, "he took the ladder up after him."

In 1831, this youth died—he climbed to heaven, and he took the ladder up after him—for he could not be found.—But I delight to think of that youth as now enjoying the presence of Jesus, in a mansion where he needs no ladder; but, free from the approach of interruption, can unite with angelic spirits in praise to the God of the Bible, and in adoring the love of that Saviour who died for all, that even a little child believing on him, might inherit the kingdom of heaven.—*Y. P. Gazette.*

## CHILDHOOD'S MISTAKES.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,  
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.  
Boys are, at best, but pretty buds unblown,  
Whose scents and hues are rather guess'd, than known.  
Each dreams that he is just what he appears,  
But learns his error in maturer years,  
When disposition, like a sail uncurl'd,  
Shows all its rents and patches to the world.



## TEN REASONS WHY I LOVE TO GO TO MY SUNDAY SCHOOL, AND CHURCH.

1. Because I am ignorant and want to be taught.
  2. Because I shall get no good by spending my time in idleness and play.
  3. Because God has commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath-day.
  4. Because, by improving the Lord's-day, which God has given to me, I wish to become wise in the days of my youth.
  5. Because good boys and good girls love to go there.
  6. Because prayer is offered to God there; the word of God is read there; and the praises of God are sung there.
  7. Because there my mind is improved, and I learn my duty to God and man.
  8. Because my teachers and ministers kindly tell me of the love of Christ to the young, and point out the way of salvation through his sufferings and death.
  9. Because, when I grow old, I may not be able to go, and therefore I ought to improve the present time.
  10. Because I wish to go to heaven when I die; and at the Sunday School and Church I shall learn the way thither.
- Children's Magazine.*

## SABBATH SCHOOLS.

Through a large part of the Province the Sabbath School is suspended during the winter months, to be re-opened in the spring.

It is now time that our brethren, where this is the case, should be upon the alert, securing the services of teachers, and calling the early attention of parents, that every impediment may be removed, so that when the school commences it may have a favourable beginning; for with this as with other good works, much, very much, often depends upon a favourable commencement. We desire in kindness to offer a few suggestions.

There is no direction in which the Church can now look with so much hope as towards the Sabbath-school. Here the seed of the kingdom, which is the word

of God, is sown; from hence we may reasonably expect a harvest for God. Tho' who have ever felt the power and known the privileges of the religion of Jesus Christ, will be solicitous to promote it, and will rejoice in this wonderful agency so efficient and so simple, giving exercise to whatever amount of talent or acquirement they may possess, and the fullest assurance to their reason or their faith, that if they abound in the work of the Lord their labour shall not be in vain.

## EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE OF A SOLDIER.

We heard at a distance a feeble voice appealing to us for succour. Touched by his plaintive cries, some soldiers approached the spot, and to their astonishment saw a French soldier stretched on the ground with both his legs broken.—"I was wounded," said he, "on the day of the great battle. I fainted from the agony which I endured; and, on recovering my senses, I found myself in a desolate place, where no one could hear my cries, or afford me relief. For two months I daily dragged myself to the brink of a rivulet, where I fed on the grass and roots, and some morsels of bread which I found among the dead bodies. At night I lay down under the shelter of some dead horses. To-day, seeing you at a distance, I summoned my strength, and happily crawled sufficiently near your route to make myself heard."—While the surrounding soldiers were expressing their surprise, the General, who was informed of an occurrence so singular and so touching, placed the unfortunate wretch in his own carriage.—*History of the Invasion of Russia by Napoleon.*

For the Sunday School Guardian.

## ON THE DEATH OF ADAM TYRELL.

Ah! can it be, my Adam dear,  
That thou hast left thy parents here;  
They who watch'd o'er thee night and day,  
And feared thy infant feet might stray.

When last in health, I sat by thee,  
Thou saidst, "Mamma, sit down by me;"  
I little thought that word and smile  
Would be thy last, my darling child.

Yet though thy body here so fair,  
Has drooped, and needs no more our care;  
Thy spirit dwells in glory bright,  
A being of celestial light.

Then why should we, thy parents, mourn,  
Though thou wast from our bosoms torn  
By the cold, ruthless hand of death,  
Which came and stopped thy infant breath.

God did in mercy thee us lend;  
And then in mercy for thee send,  
To wean our hearts from earth away,  
Our souls to alone on Jesus stay.

Yes, much-lov'd babe, 'twas hard to part  
With one that lay so near our heart.  
Yet what are we that we should speak,  
When to Himself God did thee take?

Then onward let us urge our way  
To meet thee on that glorious day,  
When all the saints shall shouting come,  
We then shall meet our darling one. E. T.





## Obituary.

From the Sunday School Guardian.

GEORGE Y. TRILLER, of Hamilton.

George Young Triller was born in Hamilton, Gore District, C. W., on February 17th, 1832. He was a good natured boy, and so well conducted that he became a great favourite with all who knew him. From childhood he was affectionately attached to his beloved parents, and so uniformly obedient, that they do not remember his ever refusing to do anything which they requested. This is saying very much to his credit, because all children have naughty hearts which often leads to self-will and obstinacy in their conduct at home. But George was early taught the fear of God and the duty of filial obedience by his pious and kind parents. He was remarkably peaceable and gentle in his manners—never known to quarrel or fight, nor to resent any insults or ill-usage which bad boys might give him; but would quietly leave them and freely forgive and forget such conduct; not even complaining to his father, or showing the least disposition to retaliation, which is often manifested in many children who will return angry words, and even set on blows in cases of offence or supposed insult; but George was a very inoffensive and quiet boy, who knew it was wrong to indulge in such evil words and evil actions; and in this way he showed a more excellent spirit, and set a proper example of meekness in imitating his beloved Redeemer, "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not." He attended different schools during five or six years; yet was never known to be guilty of anything for which he was either corrected, or detained in school as a punishment of the delinquency. All his teachers were much attached to him as a docile scholar both in the week day and Sabbath School; and his sociable manners made him a very agreeable companion with all the boys of his acquaintance which led many to court his friendship. In this way George had many young friends who were attached to him, and who felt much affected at his death, though they know he was a very good boy, and believe that he is gone to heaven. This is what all good children should try to be—kind and agreeable to each other, civil and obedient to all their teachers, and thus grow in "favour with God and man."

Endowed with a retentive memory and an intelligent mind, had he lived to maturity it was hoped that he would become a good and sensible member of civil society. He had made some progress in different branches of knowledge, and especially in arithmetic for which he had taken a great liking. These intellectual developments in connection with great moral worth led his admiring parents to anticipate an agreeable recompense for all their care and attention. Seeking to promote his religious interests, and bestowing every necessary effort to give him a good education they expected the blessing of God on their efforts, and hoped to see him rise to usefulness and happiness in the Church and the world; but alas! they have now to mourn over the loss of a truly affectionate and promising child, taken away no doubt "from the evil to come," yet with Job they feel their

"purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of the heart."

What increases the apparent severity of this afflictive event is the painful vacancy created in the family circle. George was the second of four children—all of whom are now dead. The parents deeply feel their loss; and, though labouring to subdue every murmuring thought, at the dispensations of heaven, yet they find this stroke press heavily on their hearts. They know all is well and wisely done by Almighty God; they sorrow not as those who have no hope; and, enjoying a measure of religious consolation are seeking a meeting for heaven, where they hope to meet all their children in "the inheritance of the saints in light."

When George went from home he was never rude; and though naturally confident and sedate, yet could make himself quite free and agreeable when necessary and proper. He was modest to his superiors, free with equals, and kind to all. His heart was very tender and liberal to the poor and distressed. He was a free-hearted boy; generous to his companions and considerate to servants. He would cheerfully part with anything he had to such as he thought had need. In this he manifested a goodness of heart and a benevolence of disposition, not often discovered so early in children, and which exhibited an excellence of character created alone by a proper religious training. From childhood he had a delicate constitution, and was subject to occasional affliction in the enlargement of the tonsil-glands, which induced the fear that his life would be short in this world. These painful apprehensions are now realized; George is gone after the other children, though he lived much longer than any of them, and his fond parents were anxious to raise him to manhood, and place him in the very comfortable circumstances which their ample means would have enabled them to do. Riches profit not in the day of death. Wealth, kind attention of friends and the most assiduous efforts of medical skill were all abortive, and the loved and endeared son is taken to the Paradise of God.

At Christmas he caught a very severe cold of which he was very unwell for a time, but had so far recovered as to be able to attend to school again. The last time he was from home was in attending a social tea-meeting in a small and crowded chapel. Being very much oppressed with heat he drank rather freely of cold water, and it is suspected that it produced an injurious effect on his delicate habit. A week afterwards he took a fresh cold, which brought on an attack of the remittent fever, under which he gradually sunk until death terminated his sufferings in this vale of tears. In the early stage of his sickness the medical attendant entertained strong hopes of his recovery, but the child's set in so strong with violent attacks during the return of the fever that he never seemed to even rally, baffling every effort which skillful experience and devoted attention could make to overcome it. During some of the paroxysms he suffered greatly from the determination of blood to the head, yet he bore all patiently and never complained of the severity of his pains or the distraction of a mind occasionally induced by the disorder of which he died. He was confined by his sickness two weeks and two days.

George was fully aware of his approaching dissolution, and of himself about making the necessary preparation. He manifested no alarm as the fear of death was removed by the light of grace revealed to his soul. He seemed to realize more than ordinary enjoyment in religious exercises. Prayer was his delight. He often repeated the Lord's prayer and displayed great resignation and calmness of mind. He could not converse much on account of the frequency and violence of the attacks, yet on

several occasions evinced that he was fully alive to the importance of divine and eternal things, and seeking earnestly a preparation for heaven.

One day when reminded of the impossibility of his recovery, and the improbability of ever enjoying a trip on the lake, which his kind father had promised to him during the next summer—he was asked, "George, would you rather live and enjoy the pleasures of the trip to Kingston, or would you prefer to die and go to heaven?" With cheerful readiness of mind he promptly replied, "I would rather go to heaven."

(To be continued.)

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